



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 21.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1799.

WHOLE NO. 541.

THE FAIR RECLUSE.

A TALE.

IT was on a fine evening in June, when Frederic Woodville, who was upon a visit at a gentleman's seat in one of the Western counties of England, was invited by the delightful serenity of the weather, to wander in a contemplative mood amidst the umbrageous walks of a wood. Unknowing and indifferent which way he went, he found himself upon an eminence which commanded a most delightful prospect of the distant surrounding country; though the hanging branches of trees with which its shelving sides were clothed, prevented a view of a valley sequestered and romantic, which was situated at its bottom. The sun was just sinking behind a distant mountain; while the clouds, which borrowed their transient glories from his setting beams, contributed to render his exit the more magnificent. The birds were warbling their dulcet notes; which, with the soft sighing of the wind amongst the trees, contributed to produce that rural melody which, to an ear not vitiated by the fashionable taste proved more delightful than all the chromatic refinements of the Italian stage.

This was a situation perfectly congenial to the disposition of Frederic, who possessed a considerable share of sensibility, and was pensive, imaginative and romantic: It was his delight to leave the busy walks of life, to wander in the regions of fancy; and whilst he was abstracted from the world in some such situation as has been just described, he could conjure up scenes of unreal existence, and every amiable emotion of his soul would be excited by the ideal pleasures and pains which the warmth of a glowing imagination produced.

What contributed to heighten this temper of mind in him was a tender disappointment he had met with in early life; though the lenient hand of time had soothed the sorrows of an affectionate heart, yet the remembrance of the first object of youthful regard was not easily effaced from a soul like Woodville's. The music of a soft air, the relation of a tender tale, the gloom of a solitary walk, and even the murmurs of a passing breeze, were sufficient to hush every boisterous passion into peace, and to dissolve him into tenderness; and while in such a state, the image of his *Amantha* would present itself to his mind, and produce that luxurious kind of grief, so sweetly described by Aenside, which awakens the sensibility, and softens the disposition, without materially wounding the happiness.

Such was his situation at this time. Seated on a verdant bank near the brow of the declivity, a sigh of recollection was just heaving his bosom, when he thought he heard the sound of some musical instrument faintly assail his ear; the notes were irregular, yet melodious beyond description; they seemed to be emitted from the airy harp of some celestial being. Frederic started from his reverie; he could scarce trust the evidence of his senses; but thought he had been deceived by the illusion of a heated fancy. He listened with most eager attention, and he again heard the same delightful music; it now breath-

ed a symphonious air, mournfully sweet, and calculated to still the raging of the most tumultuous sorrows, and to restore peace to the woe worn soul bending under the pressure of affliction. Nothing could equal the surprise of Woodville. He was attentive to hear whence it issued. It appeared to rise from the vale below.

"Surely (said he) some bright spirit of this romantic region who regards my misfortune with an eye of condescending pity, is now tuning his lyre to such strains as he knows are congenial to a love-lorn heart. Ah! too keenly I feel their influence! They thrill through my frame, and produce those sensations of ineffable pleasure which surely nothing mortal could excite!"

Frederic now arose, and, with steps of eager solicitude, descended from the hill on which he was seated, through a narrow winding path. With delight, he found himself entering one of the most agreeable situations he had ever observed. It was bounded on one side by the eminence, from which there was no descent but by the path he came down: on the other, it was environed by a rivulet, which took its murmuring course through a plain adorned with the wild and irregular yet elegant ornaments which nature had lavished on it with the utmost profusion. On the other side of the stream, the large wood, through which Frederic had passed, spread its solemn shades, awfully pleasing; and by the thickness of its foliage, seemed anxious to seclude so sequestered a spot from the intrusion of curious observers, and to preserve its sacred laws from being profaned by the tread of unallowed feet.

Woodville felt a kind of awe! steal over his mind, as he walked in a place which appeared to be consecrated by the residence of some superior being. These sentiments were in a great measure occasioned by the music he had heard. He could not conceive how sounds so plaintively elegant could arise in a situation almost shut out from mankind; on which, at any rate, could only be frequented by the few rustics who might live in the neighborhood, and who certainly could not be capable of producing such strains.

While his mind was thus agitated by a variety of vain conjectures, he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a female figure, who was seated in a kind of a bower, interwoven with jessamine and honeysuckles, which grew so thick that it was with difficulty he could catch a glimpse of her, by the white dress in which she was clothed, occasionally gleaming through its interstices. He proceeded with faltering steps, delighted and astonished to find that she was a lady, whose person was the epitome of elegance; and whose dress, which was in a style of fashionable simplicity, denoted her to be of superior rank. His eager curiosity to observe her features led him so near that his foot steps were overheard, and he was thereby disappointed of the latter pleasure; for being alarmed at the intrusion of a well dressed gentleman, she immediately let down the veil that was suspended to her bonnet, and made a hasty retreat along a path which took its course between two rows of lofty elms; while Woodville remained motionless, in a state of suf-

pense, doubtful whether it would be justifiable to heighten her fears by attempting to follow her. She proceeded for the space of some yards with a rapid motion, when turning round, with solicitude natural in such cases, to observe whether he was pursuing her, she seemed suddenly to be seized with such a tremor that she was obliged to support herself by a tree, for a few moments to avoid falling.

He was now sufficiently roused from his state of uncertainty, and flew with anxious haste to succour the distressed fair; but was not permitted to exercise his philanthropy; for, when she perceived him approaching, she endeavored to avoid his assiduity, disordered as she was, by leaving the spot where she was standing. Confounded at her behaviour, he again stopped: his feelings were so agitated at the alarm she discovered, that he was upon the point of leaving the place, since his presence appeared to distress her; but curiosity prevailed over every other consideration; and he followed her, though at so respectable a distance that he thought every apprehension would be removed from her mind, of his being influenced by any improper motive. He advanced till he perceived a neat mansion, situated on the side of the rivulet shaded with willows. Towards this the lady went; and as she approached it, her trepidation appeared gradually to subside. She looked back frequently, and even slackened her pace, as if to give him an opportunity of overtaking her. He now perceived, what he had not before observed, that she had a musical instrument, which sufficiently denoted her to be the author of those sounds which had so powerfully affected his passions. He was now emboldened to approach her, tho' with the most polite caution.

"Pardon, madam, (said he) the presumption of one who, if he has offended, must plead, in excuse, irresistible attraction of that divine melody which so sweetly vibrated through the calm evening air; and believe that you see before you one who possesses a heart too much alive to the soft impressions of beauty, to be capable of indulging a thought injurious to the peace of modest virtue."

To this address, the lady returned an answer, polite, yet embarrassed; and invited him into the house, which by this time they had reached. The door was opened by an old domestic, who regarded his mistress with that cheerful attention which evidences respect founded on esteem. Woodville was extremely pleased to find that the furniture and decorations of the inside of the house characterised its possessor to be superior to all vulgarity, yet inattentive to the frivolities of polite life; every thing was neat, without descending to meanness; and elegant without being ostentatious. After some compliments had passed, Frederic could not help expressing his admiration.

"How is it, madam, (said he) that, in a place which appears secluded from human commerce, or where, at best, I could only have expected to find the rude hovel of the uncultivated peasant, it should be my happiness to meet with a

lady, whose virtues and amiable deportment seem to render her calculated to add splendour to the most exalted marks of social life?

"Once, indeed, Sir, (said she) I shone, the gayest in the circles of fashion; and it was my highest ambition to set off my personal attractions by those expensive ornaments which would render me most conspicuous at the assembly, the drawing-rooms, and other places in the regions of dissipation; whilst my foolish heart would flutter with rapture, at the senseless adoration which was paid me by the fops who continually surrounded me. But, thank heaven! I have found that happiness in this retreat for which I languished in vain amidst the giddy routine of pleasure, round which I was whirled with fanguing velocity. But I am convinced that nothing but such pursuits as will keep the mental faculties employed, can preserve us from insanity and disgust. It is only virtue that can give

"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart's joy."
Nor need I regret that the voice of flattery no longer charms my ears with its fascinating delusions, while in my morning walks I feel an honest exultation at the simple but undisturbed acknowledgments of those who have felt the languors of poverty alleviated by my bounty."

[To be continued.]

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS,

Recommended to the consideration of the LADIES.

A Woman must be very injudicious in the choice of her studies, if she is not frequently reminded by her books of the various duties with which she ought to acquaint herself. She cannot avoid thinking, and therefore must see the consequences of neglecting them. But the hurry, the confusion of dissipation, leaves her no time for thought. They rob her equally of reflection enough to know them, and of leisure to practise them.

Women owe their power more to their tears than to their beauty: they are the true feminine arms, with which they conquer men whom the sword could never subdue.

The true perfections of a woman depend upon herself. Beauty, deportment, and all the outward perfections, lose their lustre, without those of the mind. The greatest honors a woman can enjoy, will be no ornament to her, if virtue and prudence add not their superior lustre to the circle. So the diadem would lose its effect, if dignity were not added to it. All prudent men abhor a vicious woman; and with great reason; for surely vice in a female is odious beyond expression.

A virtuous woman, on the contrary, attracts the admiration of all. Virtue not only raises to perfection every thing good she is possessor of, but renders also her defects supportable.

SINGULAR METHOD OF DUELLING.

A Fiery English gentleman having challenged a foreign Count, the lodgings of the latter was the place agreed upon for the rencontre. Accordingly when the Englishman repaired to the rendezvous, he found the Count waiting for him in a small room, of which the whole furniture was a barrel of gunpowder with one head out, two chairs, and a table, on which were a lighted candle and a brass farthing, and was instantly addressed as follows: "Come, Sir, toss up that farthing, and see whose lot it shall be to thrust that candle into the powder, and blow ourselves into atoms." This address quite staggered the nettlesome blade; the Count seized the candle and brandishing it several times over the barrel, frightened him so that he ran off without thinking of demanding any further satisfaction. It is a question, whether this method of terminating duels would not tend to make them somewhat unfashionable.

CHARACTER OF AN ATHEIST.

AN Atheist is an overgrown libertine, and if we believe his own genealogy, he is a bye-blow begot by hazard, and flung into the world by necessity; he moves by wheels, and has no more soul than a wind-mill; he is thrust on by fate, and acts by mere compulsion; he is no more master of his deeds, than of his being, and therefore he is as constant to his word, as the wind to the same point: so that an atheist, by his own principles, is a knave, a scoundrel, and an honest man only *par accident*. In fine, he starts out of dust and vanishes into nothing.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ADDRESSED TO MISS H. F.

THOU know'st my love, altho' I never spoke;
Yet fear not, ***** left thou should'st know more.
At awful distance will I bear the yoke,
My silent zeal shall tremble and adore.
For well I know, thy gentle heart, 'twould pain,
Should I compel thee to a just disdain.

I will not tell ev'n paper thou art fair,
Nor shall a sonnet in thy praise be pen'd,
Nor breathe thy name ev'n to the midnight air,
Nor trust my passion to my dearest friend.
Exalted, high-born flames, like mine, reprove
The rude expressions of presumptuous love.

I'll mix in life, and labor to seem free,
With common persons pleas'd, and common things;
While ev'ry thought and action tends to thee,
And ev'ry impulse from thine influence springs.
Thus, stars that seem at idle random hurl'd,
With secret duty tend a viewless world.

Within my breast, which for its secret shrine,
Thy heav'nly presence guards and consecrates,
Thine image, veil'd from ev'ry eye but mine,
Revolving fate, and better hours awaits;
When fortune's smile shall with my wishes meet,
And bid me pour my offerings at thy feet.

Conceal'd within my proud disdainful soul,
Like vestal fire, the haughty flame shall live;
And ev'ry little lord with controul,
And worth and virtue to my nature give;
A secret ornament, and inward grace,
To prove my passion of celestial race.

Or, like a treasure, shall my passion lie
For ever hoarded with a miser's care;
I will not spend a mite in voice or eye,
But hide it ev'n from day light and from air.
While oft my soul within herself retires,
And counts, with swelling pride, her rich desires.

THE FEMALE EXILE.

Written at BRIGHTHELMSTONE, in November, 1792.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH

NOVEMBER's chill blast on the rough beach is howling,
The surge breaks afar, and then foams to the shore,
Dark clouds o'er the sea gather heavy and frowning,
And the white cliffs re-echo the wild wintry roar.

Beneath that chalk rock, a fair stranger reclining
Has found on a damp sea weed a cold lonely seat:
Her eyes fill'd with tears, and heart with-requining,
She flirts at the billows that burst at her feet.

There, day after day, with an anxious heart heaving,
She watches the waves where they mingle with air;
For the sail which, alas! all her fond hopes deceiving,
May bring only tidings to add to her care.

Lodg'd stream to winds those fair flowing tresses,
Once woven with garlands of gay summer flowers;
Her dress unregarded bespeaks her distress,
And beauty is blighted by grief's heavy hours.

Her innocent children, unconscious of sorrow,
To seek the glos'd shell of the crimson weed stray,
Amidst with the present, they heed not to-morrow,
Nor think of the storm that is gathering to day.

The gits, fairy ship, with its ribbon sail spreading,
They launch on the salt pool the tide left behind;
Ah! victims--for whom their sad mother is dreading
The multiplied miseries that wait on mankind!

To fair fortune born, she beholds them, with anguish,
Now wand'ring with her on a once hostile soil,
Perhaps doom'd for life in chill penury to languish,
Or abject dependence, or foul crushing toil.

But the sea boat, her hopes and her terrors renewing,
O'er the dim grey horizon now faintly appears;
She flies to the quay, dreading tidings of ruin,
All breathless with haste, half expiring with fears.

Poor mourner! I would that my fortune had left me
The means to alleviate the woes I deplore;
But, like thine, my hard fate has of affluence bereft me,
I can warm the cold heart of the wretched no more.

THE FRENCH SWIMMER.

AMONG the Parisian refugees who lately came to Dieppe, in their way to England, was Monsieur D-----, who arrived at the above port late in the evening, and finding the packet would not sail until early the ensuing morning, he lent his trunk on board, and retired to rest at his inn, with a promise from the captain that he should be called previous to the sailing of the vessel. In the hurry, however, poor Mr. D----- was forgotten, and the packet of course got under way without him. It was daylight before he awoke, when, on enquiry, he found, to his inexpressible mortification, that she had put to sea full three hours. He ran immediately to the beach, but the extreme thick fog which prevailed, utterly prevented his even obtaining a transient glimpse of her sails. Notwithstanding it rained in a most violent degree, a waterman undertook, for an additional reward, to follow the packet; about two leagues distance from Dieppe the boat came along side of her, and poor Monsieur D----- immediately got on board, completely wet to the skin, as if he had been ducked.

The captain, on seeing him enter the cabin was thunder-struck with his appearance, and requested to know how in the name of wonder he came from land?--Monsieur D. insisted that he swam on board, and showed his wet cloths in proof of his assertion. The captain in vain attempted to discover the boat, which was returning, on account of the fog which still continued. After complimenting his passenger on his extraordinary abilities as a wonderful swimmer, he waved taking the sum agreed on for his passage, and in due time they landed at Brighton. The following day the capt. dining with a party of gentlemen, the conversation happened to turn on swimming, and one of the company offered a bet of two hundred guineas that he had a servant would beat any man in England at that exercise; the wager was immediately accepted by the commander of the packet, who went in search of Monsieur D. He started at the proposal, conscious that he could not take a single stroke: understanding, however, that the wager was play or pay, and that if he succeeded he should have ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS for himself, he consented, and the following morning, at five o'clock, was fixed for trial of skill. All parties were at the place by the appointed time, except Monsieur D. After waiting some minutes they observed him sliding towards them in an enormous pair of fisherman's boots, drawn close round his thighs, a large oil-skin great coat, strapped about his waist, and his hat tied under his chin with a silk handkerchief, and under his right arm he carried a small box. On their desiring him to draw off his boots, and undress, he replied, "Veritable, me will not, I do always take de long jounnee in de boots and, des habits."--"The devil you do!" exclaimed his opponent--"Let him alone (replied the capt. of the packet) I have been a witness of what he can perform."--"But surely you do not mean to swim with the box too?"--"Begar, but me do," was the answer, "but you take me for one great fool, to swim all de way from Brighton to Dieppe, without eat or drink," and opening the box, discovered, in the no small amazement of all present, a cold roasted chicken, a pint of wine, and a French roll. On seeing this, the opponent positively declined the contest, swearing by G--d, that he could be no man, but the devil himself in disguise, and if he ventured would certainly drown him.

ANECDOTE.

A Merchant in Bolton sent one day a bushel of Billingsgate oysters to his parson, who, by the bye, was neither more funny than become a Clergyman, took an opportunity the same day to go to the gentleman's house, and with a violent knock at the door, caused his lady to come: when seeing the Parson, (as it were in a rage) withed him to walk in; he replied, No, madam. Pray, Sir, what do you wish? I with, replied the Rev. Dr. you would give my compliments to Mr. F. and inform him I have not been treated in such a Billingsgate manner, for some time, as he has treated me this morning; and immediately quit the house. The lady, very much alarmed at such a message, sent for her husband in great haste: when he came in, he wished to know what was the matter. What is the matter, my dear, said she; what have you been doing to Dr. F. this morning, for he has been here in a great rage, and says he has not been treated in such a Billingsgate manner, as you have been guilty of this morning, for some time. The husband, recollecting the oysters, burst into a loud laugh, and said he sent the Dr. a bushel of Billingsgate Oysters that morning.

* Oysters so called in Bolton.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1799.

An official account of the capture of the United States galley *Retaliation*, Lieut. Bambridge, by two French men of war, is received at the office of the Secretary of the Navy, in a letter from Captain Alexander Murray, of the *Montezuma* sloop of war, dated "off Antigua, Nov. 23, 1798."—The *Montezuma* and *Norfolk* were at St. Thomas the 26th November.

It was currently reported in Cadiz, that General Buonaparte and his army were much harassed in Egypt, but nothing certain could be gathered on this subject.

It was the general opinion in Cadiz, that hostilities would commence between the French Republic and the King of Naples, and that the latter would be supported by the Emperor of Germany. It was also expected, that the war would be renewed on the Rhine, but there were no accounts of hostilities having commenced.

Wednesday arrived here the brig *Jane Maria*, capt. Jones, in 25 days from Curacao, who informs that he learnt from the Governor and Council there, that orders had been received from the French government to refrain all privateers from capturing neutral vessels after the 15th Dec. It was reported at Curacao that two French frigates had come over (perhaps the *large* that captured the *Retaliation*), and that two Commissioners had been landed at Gaudaloupe, who were supposed to be the bearers of the above orders.—It was also reported that arch robber Victor Hughes had fled from Gaudaloupe. [C. Ad.]

It is reported that a dreadful massacre of the whites by the mulattoes, in which 500 of the former perished, recently took place at Fort Dauphin. [Philad. Gaz.]

[CIRCULAR]

To the Commanders of armed vessels in the service of the United States, given at the Navy Department, December 29th, 1798.

SIR,

It is the positive command of the President, that on no pretence whatever, you permit the public Vessel of War under your command to be detained, or searched; or any of the officers or men belonging to her, to be taken from her by the ships or vessels of any foreign nations, so long as you are in a capacity to repel such outrage on the honor of the American flag. If force should be exerted to compel your submission, you are to resist that force to the utmost of your power, and when overpowered by superior force, you are to strike your flag, and thus yield your vessel as well as your men; but never your men without your vessel.

You will remember, however, that your demeanor be respectful and friendly to the vessels and people of all nations in amity with the United States; and that you avoid as carefully, the commission of, as the submission to, insult or injury.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

BEN. STODDERT.

VIENNA, Oct. 19

Baron Nelson is expected here on his route to London, which, we hear, he means to pursue by land, as far as practicable.

Oct. 26.

In addition to the late news from Malta, we now learn that the *Mane* had succeeded in cutting off the water from the fort, to which the French had been driven—on which they all surrendered. They were given ships to depart from the island; but as provisions were scarce—none was afforded them. They were thus pushed to sea.

PARIS, Oct. 22.

Our fleet under Bompard, failed some time since from Brest; and we have heard nothing from them since the 15th instant. . . . [By this we should suppose it another squadron than that captured by Warren. This fleet may therefore have met with Bridport. Among the late news we find it stated, that this latter commander had fallen in with a squadron of 14 sail and taken them.]

The convoy for Corsica had returned, the provision vessels remained to land their cargoes. A provision fleet

for Malta, is preparing. The *Gaillaume Tell*, which escaped from the Nile, was lost in Malta harbour.

Pichegrue, Bardinney, Dalma, Willot, Ramel, and Doffon, have been registered among the emigrants, by order of the Directory, and their effects remaining in France, confiscated—although they were transported.

Oct. 24.

The Directory have declared to the King of Sweden, that he must acknowledge Citizen Lamarque, our Minister there, as no other would be sent to Stockholm. . . . [The Swedish Government have complained, as the American government did of GENET, that he interfered with the local concerns of the nation to which he was deputed.]

HAGUE, Oct. 23.

The law, prohibiting the importation of British manufactures, has passed; and is to commence its operation after the 1st of November. The goods then imported are to be confiscated, and the importer is to be outlawed and banished.

The Agio of the Bank was as high as 96 5-8 per cent.

LONDON, Oct. 23

A letter from Count Craven informs, that the *Melampus* had captured one of the frigates, which escaped from the late action, which makes the whole number of vessels captured, FIVE. Other accounts added that the vessels first taken have all arrived at Lough Swilly.

In addition to Warren's Official letter, it appears, by a communication posted at Lloyd's Coffee House, at two o'clock yesterday, That the vessels captured by him had arrived at Lough Swilly—and that 3 French frigates have been driven into Sligo Bay.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 18.

Advices received this day from Sligo, state. That three French frigates, captured after the late battle, arrived safe in that harbour.

GLASGOW, Oct. 19.

This day a French frigate, with only her mizen mast standing, was brought into Glasgow harbour, by an English frigate. In the captured frigates, are 3000 men, and in the others of the fleet were 2000. Their commander's name was Hardy. In one of the captured ships was found Theodore Wolfe Tone.

IMPORTANT REPORT.

A Cartal ship has arrived at Dover, the commander of which says, that the combined English and Russian squadrons in the North Sea, had entered the Texel, and landed troops, which attacked the *Forts*, while Lord Duncan engaged the Dutch fleet; and that he had succeeded in taking a part of it.

We are informed that the Reverend JOHN MURRAY, the celebrated Universalist Preacher, has arrived in this city, from Philadelphia, on his way to Boston, and that he intends to preach to-morrow at the Assembly room, no. 68 William-street, at the usual hours of divine service.

NOW IN THE PRESS,

and will be published in a few days, by the Printer hereof,

THE STRANGER,

OR,

MISANTHROPY AND REPENTANCE,

A DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Faithfully translated, entire, from the German of

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZBUR,

Director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna;

BY GEORGE PAPENDICK.

Now performing with the greatest eclat at the Theatres of London and New-York, and esteemed by the best judges and friends of the Drama, to be equal, if not superior, to any comedy ever represented, in respect to purity of language, elegance of style, and stage effect.

PRIVATE TUITION.

MR. DUPONT respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, that he has opened, at his room in the Tontine City Hotel, Broadway, a Morning School for the tuition of Crown Ladies.

The days are Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Address to M. D. No. 4 Wall street.

COURT OF HYMEN.

BE blest! be blest! Ye happy pair,
And fortune's partial bounties share,
Long live and flourish here below,
Increase in love—in virtue grow.

MARRIED

On Saturday the 29th ult. at Philadelphia, by the Rev Dr Greene, Mr THOMAS KELLY, merchant, to Miss REBECCA E. McLEAM, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev Dr Smith, Mr EDWARD COLLINS, to Miss ANN NOBLE, both of this city.

NEW THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING will be PRESENTED,
An OPERA, in 2 acts, (never performed here) called,

STERNE'S MARIA; OR, THE VINTAGE.

Sir Harry Metland,	Mr Hallam, jun
Yorick,	Mr Cooper,
Pierre,	Mr Hogg,
Henry,	Mr Tyler,
La Fieur,	Mr Jefferson,
Jerome,	Mr Martin,
Anselme,	Mr Seymour,
Landlord,	Mr Miller,
Peasants,	Messrs Lee, Woolls, Shapter, Leonard, &c.
Maria,	Miss E. Westray,
Nannette,	Mrs Oldmixon,
Lilla,	Mrs Seymour,
Village Lasses,	Miss White, Miss Bates, Miss Hogg, &c.

The Opera will be preceded by a Drama, in one act, called
PREPARATIONS FOR A CRUISE;

Or American Tars.

The Evening's Entertainment to conclude with a Comedy

in 2 acts, called,

THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.

The Songs, Duets, and Chorusses, of the Opera, to be had at the Box-Office.

GEORGE G. BUFFET,

No. 76 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK,

OFFERS the Ladies, Gentlemen, and Public at large, the following articles for sale very low for cash.

HAIR POWDER.

Best scented Marechalle,
do. Violet,
do. Bergamot,
do. Plain.

BROWN POWDER.

Marechalle,
Duchese,
Bergamot,
Orris do.
Violet do.

POMATUMS

Marechalle,
Duchese,
Vanille,
Elliothrops,
Melliferous,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Bears Grease.

SCENTS.

Musk,
Bergamot,
Citron,
Lavender,
Thime,
Rosemary.

SCENTED WATERS.

Cologne,
Hungary,
Lavender,
Honey wash,
Melliferous,
Canny,
Bergamot,
Suckbusade, for swellings,
bruises, contusions, cuts,
scars, &c.

Orange flower,
Rose,
Noijau,
Red Lavender.

Spirits of Cochlearie,
Ess. Antiscorbutic, for the
gums.
Syrup Pectoral, for cold,
cough, and consumption.
The genuine Balsam of Life,
which will expel all pains
of the head and Stomach.
Pectoral Lozenges.
Peppermint do.

SHAVING SOAPS.

Best Naples,
Shaving Powder,
Ess. of Soap,
Windfor,
Italian Squares.

Lip Salve,
Silk Puffs,
Swandown Puffs,
Combs of all kinds,
Comb Brushes,
Tooth Brushes,
Tooth Powder,
Opium do.
Writing paper,
Wax, Wafers,
Ink-powder, Quills,
Blacking balls,
Tupce Iron,
Shaving boxes and brushes,
With a variety of other ar-
ticles.



COURT of APOLLO.

THE ORIGIN of a CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

GREATLY distinguish'd are your noble line,
Ye sweepers, sprung from pedigree divine;
Your ancient ancestor, whose name was smut,
Work'd at the forge with Vulcan in his hut:
Once as the limping God was hammering out
Those tongs that pinch'd the devil by the snout;
Smut chanc'd to jest upon his awkward frame,
Which chaf'd the bickering blacksmith into flame,
He hurl'd his hammer at the tinker's head,
Which fore had left him on the pavement dead;
But smut was nimble, and to shun the stroke,
Straight up the chimney went, like wreaths of smoke;
Happy to find so snug a hole to creep in,
And ever since he's took to chimney sweeping.



ENIGMA.

MY husband is my uncle, my son is my brother,
His wife is my sister, and I am her mother,
Six children I have had, and look for another:
I am grandma to three that belong to my brother.
I have a sister named Peggy whose mother I am;
My own brother is my son, his name it is John.
This paradox, strange as it may seem unto you,
The good people of Bridgetown will assure it is true.
What I have now for to request,
Is that an answer may be express'd.



ANECDOTES.

THE following curious notice was lately fixed upon the door of the church in Ludford, in Hertfordshire, and read in church by the clerk, viz. "This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this churchyard, but what LIVES in this parish; and those who wish to be buried here, are desired to apply to me,
EPH. GRUB, parish clerk."

THE following very curious inscription is painted on a board over the door of an academy in the neighborhood of Piccadilly—"READING, RITEING, A COUNTS, AND MATTHEW MATTOCKS TAWT HERE."

A scholar being on board a ship in a tempest; when the rest seized upon different articles to swim ashore on, laid hold of the anchor.



PERFUMERY STORE, No. 116, William Street.

I. TICE, Ladies Hair Dresser and Perfumer,

SUCCESSOR to the late Mrs Brown, begs leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he has for sale all kinds of Perfumery of the first quality: Also, JEWELRY, CUTLERY, &c.

N. B. All kinds of Ladies Ornamental Dresses, made on the most approved construction. 40--3m.

FOR SALE,

A good stand for a Tavern, immediately opposite the New Play House, in Theatre Alley. There are on the lot a new two story House, containing four rooms, one of which is about 19 feet broad, and 32 long; underneath is a cellar kitchen and cellar; a large garret over the whole, fit to be converted into four bed-rooms, for the accommodation of lodgers.--For particulars apply on the premises
December, 15, 1798. 37--1f

GENTEEL BOARDING and LODGING at No. 115 William-Street.

MORALIST.



Haste then---that time improve
Which art can ne'er regain.

TIME is like a fleeting shadow that is quickly past, and returns no more. It is like the disappearing veil of the morning, dissolved by the sun; it is gone we know not where---yesterday is past; it has fled; we have lost it forever.

Be mindful, O Man, that the present is only ours, the future is yet unborn, and may not come unto us; therefore, its our greatest concern to employ every moment to the best advantage.

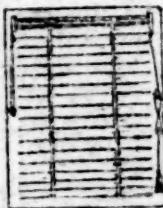
Indulgence deprives a man of the use of those faculties, which, by a proper exertion, could call forth the latent seeds of virtue that lie dormant for want of cultivation.

Rouse yourselves, O ye careless; improve the present time; seize the moments as they are flying; let not a minute escape, which if once lost can never be regained.

Defer not until the evening what may be done in the morning; nor let the sun go down and leave you unprepared.

The time we live ought not to be measured by years, nor our lives by length of days, but by the use that has been made of it, by noble actions performed, and by virtuous deeds.

WINDOW BLINDS.



THE subscriber returns his most grateful thanks to the public, and his friends in particular, for past favors, and hopes for the continuation of the same, as he continues to carry on the Window Blind Manufactory, at no. 5 Robinson street, opposite the College, New-York, where he has a large assortment now on hand.

He has also imported the best Trimmings from Europe, and hopes to give full satisfaction, as he can answer any orders from city or country, at the shortest notice, with neatness, lower than the market price.

N. B. An elegant assortment of good and fashionable Cabinet Furniture, at the above ware room. Various sorts of Fancy Chairs made in the best manner, some of which have Bamboo backs and Cane bottoms, in elegant style. Also, all kinds of Gaming Tables.

31--1f

JOSEPH FULLER.

J. GREENWOOD, SURGEON DENTIST,

CONTINUES to make and fix artificial teeth, in many different ways, and at moderate prices. He has a particular way of cleaning and whitening the teeth, that does not give the least pain, and at the same time he gives the teeth a beautiful polish, with directions, if followed, which will keep them white, sound, and free from pain during life.

N. B. The very low charges from what is commonly demanded for operations on the teeth, must be satisfactory to every person who pleases to employ him.

Mr Greenwood advises parents who wish that their children should have a good set of teeth, to call on him or any other person skilled in the practice on the teeth, as he presumes they will give their advice gratis, which is his custom, and if followed, will be the means of preserving them from destruction.

Powders proper for the teeth and gums may be had at the stores of Stilwell and De Forest, no. 169 Pearl street, Cook and Co. no. 133 William street, and at the house of the operator, no. 3 Church-street, behind St Paul's church.

GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship-Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat Shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes. 12--6m

ELI KNAPP, LADIES SHOE MAKER,

No. 136 Broadway, (between Liberty and Cedar streets) RESPECTFULLY begs leave to inform his friends and the public in general that he has now on hand a large and general assortment of Ladies Shoes of the first quality, which he offers for sale for Ready Money, or Bills at a short date, for the prices here undermentioned; and from their superior quality and workmanship, as well as the low price at which he offers them, he flatters himself he will be able to give general satisfaction.

Ladies Kid Slippers, with heels,	at	37s
do. spring heels,		10s
do. Sandals, spring heels and buckles,		15s
Black Morocco Slippers, with heels,		13s
Coloured do do		14s
Black do do spring heels,		8s
Coloured do do		8s 6d
Common Leather do do		7s
Fur Shoes with heels of superior quality,		18s
do spring heels, do		14s
do Common Leather,		12s

Misses Kid and Morocco Slippers at the lowest prices.

A Discount of five per cent from the above prices will be allowed on taking a large quantity for ready money.

E. Knapp further begs leave to acquaint his friends and the public, that Shoes of the best quality are continued to be made by him, at the shortest notice, to any size, for one shilling in addition to the above prices; and assures them that nothing but his anxious wishes to obtain the favor of the public, would have induced him to offer his Shoes at so low a price; and therefore hopes they will enable him by their patronage to continue his exertions

December 22, 1798.

38--4w

T. WORTMAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary Public,

HAS removed his Office to No. 87 Maiden-Lane, formerly occupied by John F. Rootbach, Esq. deceased. The business of the late Mr. Rootbach, will be continued at the same place. 36--1f

EDUCATION.

NATHANIEL MEAD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again opened his School at No. 13 Nassau Street, where his usual and punctual attendance will be given. EVENING SCHOOL is also opened at the above place. Nov. 7. 32--1f

EDUCATION.

THE subscriber has again opened his SCHOOL at no. 91 Beekman-street.---EVENING SCHOOL taught by Messrs JONATHAN and JOHN FISK.

JOHN COFFIN.

PROPOSALS,

By John Scoles, Engraver, no. 6 Broad-street, New-York, For publishing by Subscription.

AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING, IN MEMORY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

CONDITIONS.

I. THE size of the Plate to be 16 by 20 inches, and to be executed in the dotted or chalk stile of engraving.

II.- IT shall be printed on the best paper, and delivered in rotation to subscribers, at 2 dollars and 50 cents.

N. B. The drawing may be seen by applying at the Publisher's.

PRINTS, DRAWINGS, NEEDLE WORK, &c.
Framed with elegance, and on the lowest terms.

FOUND

ON Thursday last, in Greenwich-Street a small bunch of Keys. The owner by proving property and paying for this advertisement may have them again. Apply at this office. Dec. 29 39--1f

A person who writes a plain and expeditious hand wishes to be employed in posting books, making out accounts, or in transcribing any writings. Enquire at this office. Nov. 17, 1798. 35--1f

Printed and Published

BY

JOHN HARRISON.

No. 3 Peck-Slip.